

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF

FEAR

Illustrated



10¢



NO. 17

SEPT-OCT



FEAR

FEATURING THE NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES.

ILLUSTRATED

SUSPENSE STORIES

WE DARE YOU TO READ!

the Haunt
of Fear



the Vault
of Horror



the Crypt
of Terror



Illustrated
by
C. R. RAY

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!



HEH-HEH? WELL... WE BEST AGAIN! COME IN! COME IN! I AM THE OLD WITCH... MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS, MY VERY OWN MAGAZINE, I LIGHT THE FIRE BENEATH MY CAULDRON... AND AS THE EMBERS GLOW, I DREW FOR YOU ANOTHER TALE ABOUT THE INHABITANTS OF MY HORRIBLE ABODE... THE VAMPIRES... THE WEREWOLVES... THE SHAPELESS GHOSTS...

THIS TIME, DUE TO THE MANY REQUESTS I HAVE RECEIVED, I AM GOING TO TELL YOU A STRANGE TALE ABOUT TWO MEN... TWO MEN WHO ARE THE EDITORS OF THE E. G. COMIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY, AND HOW THEY ENCOUNTERED...

HORROR BENEATH THE STREETS!

MY STORY BEGINS ON A DARK, DISMAL NIGHT! THE CITY IS ASLEEP! THE BUILDINGS STAND COLD AND BARE LIKE TOMBSTONES IN A CROWDED CEMETERY! ALL IS SILENT... ALL IS DARKNESS... EXCEPT FOR A SINGLE LIGHTED WINDOW, HIGH UP IN ONE BUILDING, THE OFFICES OF THE E. G. COMIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY! INSIDE... TWO MEN BREATHE A SIGH OF RELIEF.

WELL, AL? THAT DOES IT?

YEP, BILL? "MODERN LOVE" IS FINALLY FINISHED! AND... RIGHT ON THE DEADLINE, TOO...



C'WON, AL? LET'S GET ON HOME!

I'LL PUT OUT THE LIGHTS, BILL? BE RIGHT WITH YOU!



THE LIGHTS ARE PUT OUT, AND ALL THE DOORS ARE LOCKED! THE TWO MEN TURN AND MAKE THEIR WAY SLOWLY DOWN ALONG DARK CORRIDOR... THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHOING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS...

PRETTY SCRE AMOUND HERE AT NIGHT, EH, BILL?

H-M-HM! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



THE RUMOR OF THE ELEVATOR APPROACHING BREAKS THE THICK SILENCE...

WHAT KIND OF AN IDEA, BILL?

BEHVE TERROR HORROR! BOH! THAT WOULD BE FERRIFIC! HORROR! IN COMICS!



THE ELEVATOR BEGINS TO DESCEND, CARRYING THE TWO MEN DOWN TOWARD THE DARK STREETS BELOW.

YOU MEAN CREEPY STORIES LIKE GHOSTS AND STUFFY?

SURE! I BET THAT'S SO OVER HIS!



THE SILENCE IN THE STREET IS SHATTERED AS THE DOOR TO THE BUILDING SLAMS SHUT... AND THE TWO MEN START TO WALK...

HAY! OUR READERS WOULDN'T GO FOR HORROR STORIES!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT! EVERYBODY LIKES A GOOD SCARY STORY!



THEY TURN THE CORNER AND CROSS OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE...

A-AH! NOBODY BELIEVES THAT KIND OF TRASH!

WELL! THEY DON'T BELIEVE THAT 'EM BUT I'LL SET THEM TO LIKE THEM!



HEY, BILL! DON'T TURN AROUND... BUT I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!

HON?



THE CLACKETY-CLACK OF QUICK FOOTSTEPS ECHOES UP AND DOWN THE SILENT PACES OF THE COOL BUILDINGS, AS THE TWO MEN INCREASE THEIR SPEED.

IT... HE... IT'S STILL JAWND GO! WHERE IN THE BLAZES DID YOU PARK YOUR CAR?

DOWN THE STREET! C'ROH!





BILL? HE'S STILL FOLLOWING US! NURRY! HURRY!
 O'MON? I THINK IT'S AROUND THIS CORNER.



GOOD LORD!
 TRAPPED! IT'S A DEAD END!



MAYBE...MAYBE IT'S ONLY A COINCIDENCE, BILL! MAYBE HE ISN'T REALLY FOLLOWING US!
 WE'LL...SEE? IF HE TURNS THAT CORNER.



BILL?
 IT ISN'T ANY COINCIDENCE! O'MON!



WHERE YUH GOING? YOU CAN'T CLIMB BRICK WALLS!
 LOOK! AN OPEN MANHOLE!

THE TWO TERRIFIED MEN SCAMPER DOWN THE YAWNING BLACK HOLE AS THE CLACK-CLACK OF THE FOOTSTEPS BEHIND THEM GROW LOUDER...LOUDER



HURRY, HURRY!
 I'M NO ATHLETE! TAKE IT EASY! I'M RUSHING ALL I CAN!



SWIFTLY THEY PULL THE LADDERS DOWN WITH THEM, THEREBY FOREGOING ANY ATTEMPT AT BEING FOLLOWED! THEN

BILL? HE'S CLOSING THE LID!
 LISTEN! LISTEN TO HIS HORRIBLE LAUGH!



SUDDENLY, THE MYSTERICAL BARTING OF THE PERSON ABOVE THEM
 STOPS... AND QUICK FOOTSTEPS BOUND AWAY IN THE STREET?





BLINDLY THE TWO MEN RUSH FROM THE HARRONING SIGHT OF THE DECAYED CORPSE SLUDDING THROUGH THE STENCH FALLING CRANKING FEAR FEAR IN THEIR HEARTS... FEAR IN THEIR MINDS... FEAR AND HORROR PURSUING THEM...

EXHAUSTED. THEY STOP, LEANING ON THE DRIPPING WALLS FOR SUPPORT.





MEANWHILE, THE OTHER ONE, BILL, FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE DIMLY-LIT ROOM, FACING HIS CAPTOR.



ALL IS STILL NOW IN THE MUSTY TUNNELS BENEATH THE STREETS! ALL THAT IS, EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL BRUISING OF A RAT! THEN... A SPLASH! AND ANOTHER! SOMEONE IS COMING!

AL? WHERE ARE YOU?



DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL... ANOTHER SPLASH IS HEARD!

BILL? IS THAT YOU?



BOY, I WAS NEVER HAPPIER TO SEE ANYONE IN MY LIFE! LISTEN TO WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ANY-THING!



...AND SO THE GREEK WHO CALLED HIMSELF THE KEEPER OF THE GRIFT OF TERROR STUCK A CONTRACT UNDER MY NOSE! WHAT COULD I DO? I SIGNED IT!

GUESS? YOU TOO? LOOK! I SIGNED ONE WITH SOME FELLOW CALLED THE KEEPER OF THE VAULT OF HORROR!



WELL, AL? THEY GOT US! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO PUBLISH THEIR STUFF!

COME ON, BILL. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! WELL... ALMOST! PERHAPS YOU'RE WONDERING WHO IT WAS THAT FOLLOWED THE TWO EDITORS AND FORCED THEM TO ENTER THAT HORRID SEWER? WELL... THAT WAS

ME... THE OLD WITCH! AND WHEN I LET THEM OUT AGAIN, THEY HAD TO PAY MY FEE... AND THAT'S HOW THE HAUNT OF FEAR WAS BORN! THAT'S HOW I GOT MY CONTRACT! AND NOW YOU KNOW THE WHOLE STORY BEHIND THE GRIFT OF HORROR, THE GRIFT OF TERROR, AND THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I'LL SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE! 'BYE, NOW!



THE TERRIFIED EDITORS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHICH STORY IN THIS MAGAZINE YOU LIKED BEST! VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE!

- 1 NIGHTMARE! A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY!
- 2 MONSTER MAKER! A SCIENTIFIC SUSPENSORY!
- 3 TELEVISION TERROR! A JOURNEY INTO THE SUPERNATURAL!
- 4 THE WITCH'S CAULDRON: HORROR BENEATH THE STREETS! AN ADVENTURE IN TERROR!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO:
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ROOM 706, DEPT. 17
222 LAFAYETTE STREET
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.